

2-7-2019

Joint Elective Recital: Matisse Boor and Jessica Laddin, soprano

Jessica Laddin
Ithaca College

Matisse Boor

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Recommended Citation

Laddin, Jessica and Boor, Matisse, "Joint Elective Recital: Matisse Boor and Jessica Laddin, soprano" (2019). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 5935.

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Joint Elective Recital:

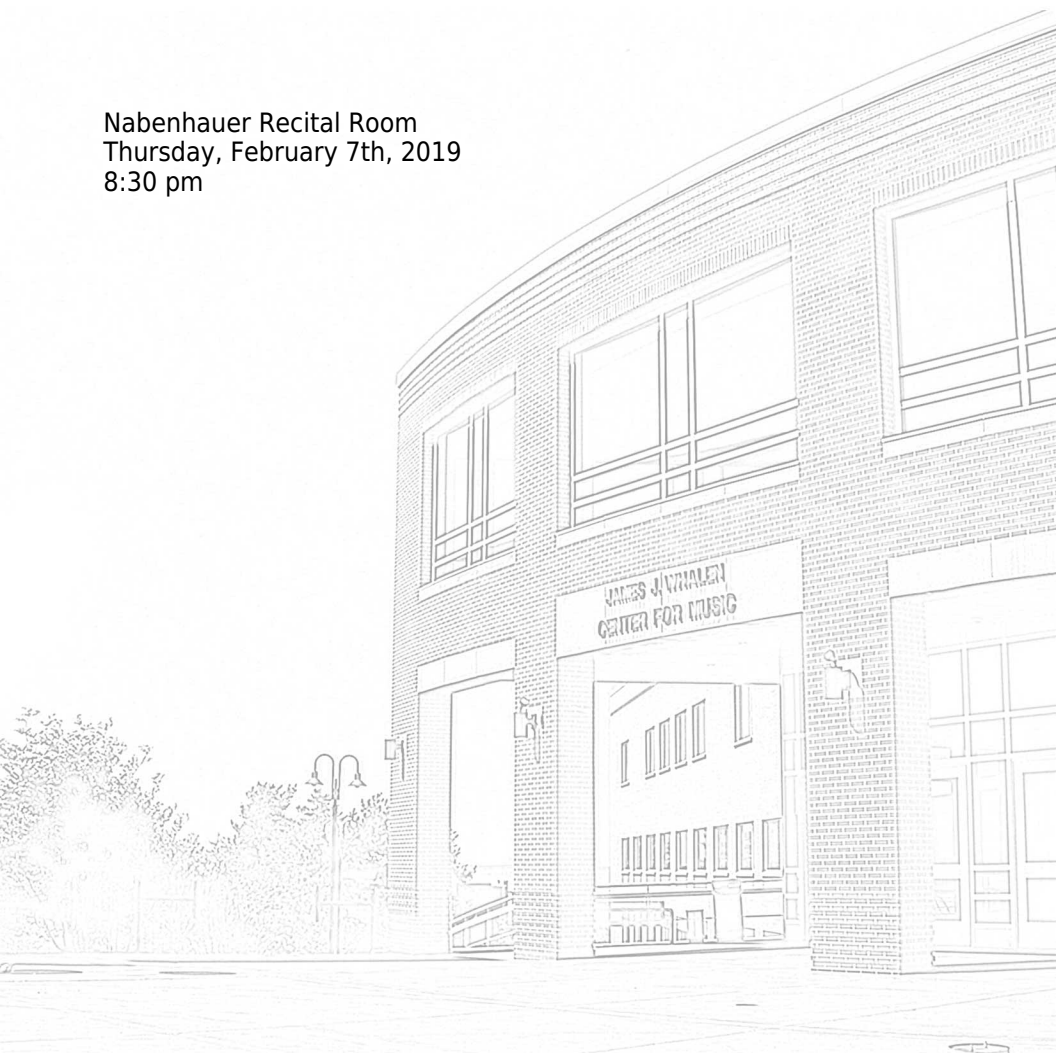
Matisse Boor, soprano

Jessica Laddin, soprano

Connor Buckley, piano

Sungmin Kim, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Thursday, February 7th, 2019
8:30 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Cinq Mélodies, op. 58
I. Mandoline

Jessica and Sungmin

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

"Hark the Ech'ing Air"
from *The Fairy Queen*

Matisse and Connor

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Romance

Jessica and Sungmin

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

"Oh! had I Jubal's lyre"
from *Joshua*

Matisse and Connor

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

"Come and Trip It"
from *L'Allegro*

Jessica and Sungmin

George Frederic Handel

Les Roses D'Ispahan, op. 39, no. 4

Matisse and Connor

Gabriel Fauré

Love's Philosophy

Jessica and Sungmin

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

La Vie en Rose

Matisse and Connor

Louiguy
(1916-1991)
Lyrics by Édith Piaf

<i>Neue Liebe</i> , op. 19a no. 4		Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
	<i>Jessica and Sungmin</i>	
<i>Wǒ ài nǐ zhōng guó</i>		Zheng Qiufeng
	<i>Matisse and Connor</i>	
<i>Nuit d'Étoiles</i>		Claude Debussy
	<i>Jessica and Sungmin</i>	
<i>Ah, mai non cessate</i>		Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
	<i>Matisse and Connor</i>	
"Ah, fuggi il traditor" from <i>Don Giovanni</i>		Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
	<i>Jessica and Sungmin</i>	
"Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegagnen" from <i>Der Freischütz</i>		Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)
	<i>Matisse and Connor</i>	
"Sull'aria...che soave zeffiretto" from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>		Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Translations

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte

Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel
maid

Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Les Roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur
gaîne de mousse,
Le jasmins de Mossoul, les
fleurs de l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont
une odeur moins douce,
O blanche Leïlah! que ton
souffle léger.
Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire
léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et
d'une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui
berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chate au
bord d'un nid de mousse,
Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol
léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta
lèvre si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le
pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses

The roses of Ispahan in their
sheath of moss,
The jasmines of Mosul, the
flowers of the orange tree,
Have a fragrance less fresh,
have a scent less sweet,
Oh pale Leilah, than your light
breath!
Your lips are of coral and your
light laughter
Is lovelier and sweeter than the
sound of running water.
Lovelier than the hoyful breeze
that rocks the orange trees,
Lovelier than the singing bird by
its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! ever since in their
light flight
All the kisses have fled from
your sweet lips,
There is no more of fragrance in
the pale orange tree,
No heavenly aroma from the

dans leur mousse.
Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce
papillon léger,
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une
aile prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur
de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur
gaine de mousse.

moss-covered roses.
Oh! may your young love, thie
light butterfly,
Return to my heart on a quick
and gentle wing,
And may it again perfume the
orange blossoms,
And the roses of Ispahan in their
mossy sheaths.

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils
chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

The vanishing and suffering
soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant
soul
Of divine lilies that I have
picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds
chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume
that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you
enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

La Vie en Rose

Des yeux qui font baisser les
miens
Un rire qui se perd sur sa
bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouches
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens
Quand il me prend dans ses
bras
Il me parle l'a tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours

A gaze that make me lower my
own
A laugh that is lost on his lips
That is the un-retouched
portrait
Of the man to whom I belong
When he takes me into his arms
He speaks to me softly
And I see life through
rose-colored glasses
He speaks words of love to me
They are every day words

Et ça m' fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon coeur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi
Moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a jure pour la vie

Et, dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon coeur qui bat
Des nuits d'amour à plus en finir
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa
place

Les ennuis, les chagrins,
s'effacent
Heureux, heureux à mourir
Quand il me prend dans ses
bras

Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose

Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tout les jours
Et ça m' fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon coeur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi
Moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a jure pour la vie

Et, dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon coeur qui bat

And they do something to me
He has entered into my heart
A bit of happiness
That I know the cause of
It's only him for me
And me for him, for life
He told me, he swore to me, for
life

As soon as I notice him
I feel inside me
My heart beating
Endless nights of love
Bring great happiness

The pain and bothers fade away

Happy, so happy I could die
When he takes me into his arms

He speaks to me softly
And I see life through
rose-colored glasses

He speaks words of love to me
They are every day words
And they do something to me
He has entered into my heart
A bit of happiness
That I know the cause of
It's only him for me
And me for him, for life
He told me, he swore to me, for
life

As soon as I notice him
I feel inside me

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.
Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und
flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne

In the moonlight of the forest
I saw of late the elves riding,
I heard their horns resounding,
I heard their little bells ring.
Their little white horses
Had golden antlers and flew
Quickly past; like wild swans

Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.
Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,

Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.

Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

They came through the air.
With a smile the queen nodded
to me,

With a smile she rode quickly
by,

Was it to herald a new love?
Or does it signify death?

Wǒ ài nǐ zhōng guó

bǎi líng niǎo cóng lán tiān fēi
guò

wǒ ài nǐ zhōng guó

wǒ ài nǐ chūn tiān péng bó di
yāng miáo

wǒ ài nǐ qiū rì jīn huáng di shuò
guǒ

wǒ ài nǐ qīng sōng qì zhì

wǒ ài nǐ hóng méi pīn gé

wǒ ài nǐ jiā xiāng di tián zhè

hǎo xiàng rǔ zhī zī rùn zhe wǒ di
xīn wō

wǒ ài nǐ zhōng guó

wǒ yào bǎ zuì měi di gē ér xiàn
gěi nǐ

wǒ de mǔ qīn

wǒ de zǔ guó

wǒ yào bǎ měi hǎo di qīng chūn
xiàn gěi nǐ

wǒ di mǔ qīn

wǒ di zǔ guó

A lark flies across the blue sky:

"I love you, China!"

I love your exuberant seedlings
in spring,

I love your bountiful golden
fruits in autumn,

I love your temperament of
green pines,

I love your character of red
plum flowers,

I love your home-grown sugar
cane,

That nurtures my heart like
milk.

I love you, China,

I will dedicate the most
beautiful song to you,

My mother,

My motherland.

I will dedicate my prime youth
to you,

My motherland,

My homeland.

Ah, fuggi il traditor

Ah, fuggi il traditor!
Non lo lasciar più dir!

Il labbro è mentitor,
fallace il ciglio.
Da' miei tormenti impara
A creder a quel cor,
E nasca il tuo timor
Dal mio periglio.

Ah, flee the betrayer!
Do not allow him to say another
word!

For both his words and
eye are deceitful.
Learn from my torments
What kind of heart he has,
And from my anguish
Will be born my fear.

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch
gegangen,
blond von Locken oder braun,
hell von Aug'und rot von
Wangen,
ei, nach dem kann man wohl
schau'n.
Zwar schlägt man das Aug'aufs
Mieder
nach verschämter Mädchen Art;
doch verstohlen hebt man's
wieder,
wenn's das Herrchen nicht
gewahrt.
Sollten ja sich Blicke finden,
nun, was hat das auch für Not?
Man wird drum nicht gleich
erblinden,
wird man auch ein wenig rot.
Blickchen hin und Blick herüber,
bis der Mund sich auch was
traut!
Er seufzt: Schönste! Sie spricht:
Lieber!
Bald heißt's Bräutigam und
Braut.
Immer näher, liebe Leutchen!
Wollt ihr mich im Kranze sehn?
Gelt, das ist ein nettes
Bräutchen,
unt der Bursch night minder
schön?

If comes by a slim youth
walking,
blond of hair or brown,
bright of eye and red of cheeks,
ah, at him can one certainly
look.
Of course, one drops the eyes
down,
in the modest maiden's ways;
but secretly raises them again,
when the boy is not aware.
Should they find each other's
glances,
well, what is there to get upset
about?
One does not become
immediately blind from that,
even though one may become a
little red.
A little glance here and a glance
over there,
until the mouth dares to say
something!
He sighs: beautiful! She says:
Beloved!
Soon it is bridegroom and bride.
Always closer, dear people!
Do you want to see me in a
wedding garland?
Truly, that is a nice little bride,
and the youth no less
handsome?

Sull'aria...che soave zeffiretto

Sull'aria...
Che soave zeffiretto...
Questa sera spirerà...
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Ei già il resto capirà.
Certo, certo il capirà.

To the breeze...
What a gentle little breeze...
This evening will blow...
Beneath the pine trees of the
little grove.
He will understand the rest.
Certainly, he will understand.